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# The Life of Georgey

Author Unknown

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## Irish Stranger.

**O** PITY the fate of a poor Irish stranger,  
That has wander'd thus far from his home,  
I sigh for protection from want, woe, and danger,  
But I know not which way for to roam ;  
I ne'er shall return to Hibernia's green bowers,  
Where tyranny has trampled our sweetest of  
flowers,  
They gave me comfort in my loneliest hour,  
But they're gone—I shall ne'er see them more.

With wonder I gaz'd on that high lofty mountain  
As in grandeur it rose from its lord,  
And with sorrow beheld my own garden yielding,  
The choicest of fruits for its board  
But where is my father's low cottage of clay,  
Where I've spent a long happy day,  
Alas ! has his lordship contrived it away ?  
Yes—tis gone—I shall ne'er see it more.

When the sloe and the berry hung ripe on the  
bushes,  
I have gather'd them off without harm,  
And I've gone to the field where I've shorn the  
green rush rs,  
Preparing for winter's cold storm.  
I have sat by the fire on a cold winter's night,  
Along with my friends, telling tales of delight,  
Those days gave me pleasure, and I could invite,  
But they're gone—I shall ne'er see them more.

O Erin, sad Erin, it grieves me to ponder,  
The wrongs of thy injured Isle,  
Thy sons, many thousands, deploring do wander,  
On shores far away, in exile,  
But give me the power to cross o'er the main,  
America might yield me some shelter from pain,  
I'm only lamenting while here I remain,  
For the joys I shall never see more.

Farewell then to Erin, and those I left weeping,  
Upon this disconsolate shore,  
Farewell to the grove where my father lies sleeping  
That ground I still dearly adore.  
Farewell to each pleasure—I once had a home,  
Farewell—now a stranger to England I roam,  
Oh, give me my freedom, or give me my home,  
Friends, in pity—I'll ask for no more.



## THE Life of Georgey.

London :—Printed by H. Such, Newavender,  
123, Union Street, Borough,  
Country Orders punctually attended to.

**A**S I was a walking over London Bridge,  
It was one morning early,  
There I espied a gay lady,  
Lamenting for her Georgey.

Come fetch to me some little boy,  
That can run an errand swiftly,  
That can go ten miles in one hour,  
With a letter for a lady.

Come saddle me my milk white steed,  
Come saddle it so neatly,  
That I may go down unto Newcastle gaol,  
Begging for the life of Georgey.

But when she came to Newcastle gaol,  
She bow'd her head so slowly,  
Three times on her bended knees she fell  
Saying, "Spare me the life of Georgey.

The Judge looked over his left shoulder, ✓  
And he seemed very hard hearted,  
He said, "My dear you must begone,  
For there is no pardon granted."

It is no murder Georgey's done,  
Nor has he killed any,  
But he stole sixteen of the King's best steeds,  
And he sold them in Bohemia.

It's six pretty babies I have got,  
And the seventh lies in my body,  
I'd freely part with them every one,  
If you'd spare the life of Georgey.

The Judge looked over his left shoulder,  
And he seemed very sorry,  
He said, "My dear you are too late,  
Georgey's condemn'd already."

My George shall be hung in chains of gold  
Of such there are not many,  
Because he's come of noble breed,  
And was lov'd by a virtuous lady.

I wish I was on yonder hill,  
Where times I have been many,  
With sword and pistol by my side  
I'd fight for the life of m